

The Tragedy of Hamlet

we were two dayes old at sea, a Pirat of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of saile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: in the instant they got cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like theeves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repaire thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst flye death. I have words to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good-fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencrans* and *Guyldensterne* hold their course for *England*, of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

*So that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.*

Hora. Come, I will make you way for these your Letters,
And doe't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these feates
So criminall and capitall in nature,
As by your safety, greatnesse, wisdome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O for two speciall reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unfinnow'd,
But yet to me thar's strong: the Queen his mother
Lives almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so conclave to my life and soule,
That as the starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her: the other motive
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,

Prince of Denmark

Who dipping all his faults in t
Worke like the Spring that turn
Convert his gyves to graces, so
Too slightly timbered for so lov
Would have reverted to my bo
But not where I have aim'd ther

Laer. And so I have a noble f
A sifter driven into desperate tea
Whose worth, if praises may go
Stood challenger on mount of a
For her perfections: but my rev

King. Breake not your sleeps
That we are made of stuffe so fla
That we can let our beards be sh
And thinke it pastime: you 'shon
I lov'd your father, and we love
And that I hope will teach you

Enter a Messenger

Mess. These to your Majesty.

King. From *Hamlet*? who b

Mess. Sailers my Lord they
They were given me by *Claudius*
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall hear
High and mighty, you shall kno
dome: to morrow shall I beg le
I shall (first asking you pardon)
my sudden returne.

King. What should this mea
Or is it some abuse; and no such

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* characte
And in a post-script here he saie
Can you devise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord
It warms the very sicknesse in
That I live, and tell him to his t
Thus didst thou.

Who